

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 29.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1880.

WHOLE NUMBER 445.

Year	1 Year	2 Years	3 Years	4 Years	5 Years	6 Years	7 Years	8 Years	9 Years	10 Years	11 Years	12 Years	13 Years	14 Years	15 Years	16 Years	17 Years	18 Years	19 Years	20 Years	21 Years	22 Years	23 Years	24 Years	25 Years	26 Years	27 Years	28 Years	29 Years	30 Years	31 Years	32 Years	33 Years	34 Years	35 Years	36 Years	37 Years	38 Years	39 Years	40 Years	41 Years	42 Years	43 Years	44 Years	45 Years	46 Years	47 Years	48 Years	49 Years	50 Years	51 Years	52 Years	53 Years	54 Years	55 Years	56 Years	57 Years	58 Years	59 Years	60 Years	61 Years	62 Years	63 Years	64 Years	65 Years	66 Years	67 Years	68 Years	69 Years	70 Years	71 Years	72 Years	73 Years	74 Years	75 Years	76 Years	77 Years	78 Years	79 Years	80 Years	81 Years	82 Years	83 Years	84 Years	85 Years	86 Years	87 Years	88 Years	89 Years	90 Years	91 Years	92 Years	93 Years	94 Years	95 Years	96 Years	97 Years	98 Years	99 Years	100 Years
1	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100

The Kentucky Boatmen.

Hon. Lyman Trumbull, Democrat.

These words were spoken by a dark

feathered and full-headed man to his

companion—a swarthy fellow, whose

every look betokened the fierce nature

within—as the two ascended from the

cabin of the Mary Ann, of Bitter

Creek, and stepped quietly on the

quarter-deck. The older of the two

took a few turns of the somewhat con-

fined space between the masts, and a

partly-used chest of tobacco; which

the Second Mate had left on the port

rail, and then went below to consult

his charts.

The situation was indeed a critical

one for the beautiful vessel, which

rested like a swan on the heaving sur-

face of the Miami Canal. For three

hours she had been beset by a

balky mule. Freight-laden with a

cargo of golden-bellied pumpkins, it was

important that there should be no delay

in reaching the port to which they

were consigned; hence the skipper's

anxiety was but natural. The black

clouds that were swirling across the

Southern sky told too plainly that a

storm was approaching, and woe to

the vessel if found unprepared. The

Captain knew that in the present

situation of his stately ship a wreck

was inevitable should the storm strike

her. It was an anxious moment, but

his cheek never blanched. It could not,

unless washed, and of this none who

knew our hero had any fear. Glancing

hastily at the compass, he saw that

the vessel's proper course was east by

south, and that the lead mule was at

least two points away and on his beam

ends. The storm was rapidly ap-

proaching, and the ominous mutter-

ings of Heaven's artillery was evidence

enough that ere long the now placid

surface of the canal would be lashed

into white-capped billows, any one of

which would engulf the Mary Ann.

To think was to act with the captain.

Hastily seizing a glittering fog-horn

from its place in the rattles, he

placed it quickly to his mouth and

shouted—

"The up the cook!"

It was a wise move. The cook was

liable to have hysterics when any

thing went wrong, and frequently

tipped over the supper.

"The Captain's all right," said Cos-

tuction Joe to the ship's carpenter, a

tall, athletic fellow from Heron, whose

brawny hand had often directed the

fatal fish-line in pickered season.

"Aye, aye, messmate," was the re-

sponse, "and although I'm so scared

we'll never see wife and children

again, or stand grapes in the Sandusky

Valley, it's not I that will shrink

back or step ashore at a time like this."

"Well said, my hearty," came in a

gruff voice from the ship's waist.

"Our binmate lights may go out this

night forever, but let us die like

Ohioans!"

By this time the first puff of the

approaching tempest were plainly to

be felt, and the shrill notes of the

boss lute on the neighboring farms

showed that even they had sensed the

danger, and were seeking shelter.

It was a terrible moment!

The mule was apparently the only

animate thing that did not compre-

hend the danger. He lay obliquely

across the tow-path, occasionally whis-

The Traditions of the Fathers.

Hon. Lyman Trumbull, Democrat.

is candidate for the Governorship of

Illinois, is happier in his replies to

interjections during speaking than is

John Sherman. In the midst of his

recent speech at Duquoin a colored

man in the crowd wanted the speaker

to tell what he meant by the constitu-

tional doctrines and traditions of the

Democratic party. Mr. Trumbull

took some pains to give the informa-

tion, and closed by saying:

"Now, then, what we mean by go-

ing back to the traditions of the fa-

thers is going back to economy, to sim-

plicity in the government, to an honest

administration of its affairs, to re-

sisting the government from the hands

of plunderers; and the tradi-

tions of the fathers mean that honest,

simple, plain government of equality,

which was announced by Jefferson

that all men are created equal and en-

dowed with their inalienable rights,

among which are life, liberty and the

pursuit of happiness. [Loud and con-

tinued cheers.] And you, my colored

friend, I drafted the Constitutional

Amendment that made you free:

[renewed cheers and waving of hats]

and, more than that, after that Con-

stitutional Amendment was adopted

and you could not get your civil

rights—there were laws in the South-

ern States that would not allow you

to go where you pleased, and to make

contracts and to enforce them; this

hand drew the Civil Rights Bill that

protected you in your civil rights.

[Renewed cheers.] And now I sup-

pose you will allow some man to come

along here to Duquoin and say—"Oh!

these Democrats want to re-enslave us."

Who made you free? Sumner and

Chase and Greeley—were not we the

men that did it? And every one of

them you came out against, misled by

the falsehoods and slanders and lies of

NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT.

GEN. WINFIELD S. HANCOCK,

OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

HON. WILLIAM H. ENGLISH,

OF INDIANA.

FOR PRESIDENT.

HON. PHIL B. THOMPSON, JR.,

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MAINE.

Falls Into the Democratic Line After
Twenty Years of Republi-
can Control.It Was a Fawcett Victory, and Would
Have Been Even With the Former
Majorities Reduced to 5,000.As Usual the Radicals Are Trying to Re-
gain by Rascality What Was Fair-
ly Lost at the Polls.

AT THEIR OWN TRIUMPH OF 1872.

TUESDAY MORNING, when a special
dispatch to THE INTERIOR JOURNAL
was displayed on its Bulletin Board
that Maine had gone Democratic, the
surprise and gratification it caused
was genuine and hearty, but as that
State had been conceded to the Re-
publicans by 5,000 to 10,000,
there were many doubting Thomases.Mr. Jos. Severance, who is in Clam-
unani, corroborated as follows:[Special Dispatch to THE Interior Journal.]
UNIONVILLE, O., Sept. 16.—Democrat
in Maine elect Governor and three Con-
gressmen.At 2 o'clock the daily papers ar-
rived, confirming the above intelli-
gence, but as some of the Republican
papers, in their agony of despair, were
making a contra claim to the State,
we asked the Evening Post, at Louis-
ville, at 4 o'clock, for the very latest,
and received the following from Mr.
E. F. Madden, its bright and accom-
plished young editor:[Special Dispatch to THE Interior Journal.]
LOUISVILLE, Ky., Sept. 16.—Democrat
in Union State ticket elected in Maine by
nearly three thousand. Three out of five
Congressmen Democratic. Legislature in
doubt. Blaine gives it up. William H.
English telegraphs that the effect in In-
diana is electric. Shake!And we did "shake" all over with
the raptures of delight. It was
enough to move the strongest heart
to hear that Maine, which for twenty-
six years had gone against the Demo-
cratic party, had been regenerated
and released; that a State that
went 32,000 Republican in 1872, and
15,450 in the corresponding election
in 1876, had, notwithstanding the
lavish expenditure of money by that
party and the reputation of every cam-
paign lie that could be devised,
been snatched as a brand from the
burning and had come out for the
Democracy and honest government!Due to the chief victories of the victory
is that it was made in the face of such
bitter enmity by the party which
had so long had every thing its own
way. By general consent, the Re-
publican organs had agreed to treat
the result of Maine as an index to the
Presidential struggle; but they now,
with one accord, change their tune
and say that it amounts to nothing.
It does amount to something, how-
ever, and that something is that it
is the precursor of a grander and
more complete victory of the Demo-
cracy in November—in a word, it
voices the certainty of the election of
Hancock and English.Yesterday's reports were not quite
so favorable but do not detract from
the Republicans will, they can not
hide the fact that the Democracy has
won a most decided and telling victory.
To have reduced their boasted
majority at all would have been a vic-
tory but in force then into a repetition
of the Florida frauds of 1875, in or-
der to break the force of their defeat,
is proof positive that the victory is to
them alarming indeed.The following telegram was re-
ceived last night:[Special Dispatch to THE Interior Journal.]
LOUISVILLE, Sept. 16.—The returns are
out all night, but New York Democrats claim
that Blaine is elected by a small majority.
The plan of the Republicans is to
doctor the returns in the back counties,
so as to throw the election into the Legis-
lature, which, being Republican, will elect
three of the five Congressmen. Post.The Louisville Evening Post has
published the following Green Intelli-
gence's press, type and good-will,
and the Post will shortly boom as a
morning daily. Hon. John C. Un-
derwood will be the business man-
ager and Emmett G. Logan will join
Messrs. Sears and Madden in the edi-
torial work. We are sorry to give up
the excellent Intelligence, but are
confident that the new move will be
advantageous to all parties.The Wahl took it into his head
that the nearest road to fame and
glory was to start a new weekly Re-
publican paper at Owensboro. He issued
two numbers, ran his face for all he
could, and then lit out, leaving his
creditors to mourn his loss. People
should look with a careful eye upon
the men who run around starting Re-
publican newspapers in Kentucky.It is unnecessary to know that one
of the Arnolds at least, got his desert
for murder. His name was Joshua,
a cousin of Jim, who was hung at
Lexington, says the Transcript, about
twenty-three years ago for the killing
of his wife. The gentleman who had
the honor of officiating at the enter-
tainment still lives and says the corpse
was "just too lovely."East winds are generally disagree-
able and the one that blew the news
from Maine was no exception. At
least that's the way it felt to the iron-
sided Republican. It is said.VERMONT went 35,041 Republi-
can but then there is Arkansas to offset
it. She voted to pay her honest debts
and rolled up a majority of over 52,
000 for the Democracy.

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A MATTER OF HABIT.

A Chapter on the "Regular Habit."
We can see him now--with our mind's eye--the person of "regular habits," the commonly lived in the country. He rises at 4 o'clock in the morning, and at 6 o'clock in the evening, puts on his right stockings and boots first, starts the kitchen fire--if he be a real Christian and not a mere "believer"--calls "mammy" or the girl, sends the "chairs," eats the breakfast at the table, and then proceeds to walk through the rest of the hours of the day like a piece of machinery, until the old clock strikes 5, when he puts aside his pipe and paper and goes to bed like a chicken--that is, a venerable rooster--at sundown. So he goes through life--tick, tick, tick, round and round, in the same old track--until he dies, at a ripe old age, and has the distinction of a mention in the obituary notices of his local paper as a "gentleman noted for his regular habits."

Well, such a life has its advantages and compensations, and if the highest aim of our life on earth were to see how long we can stay on the top of it the success might make the mode more universal. But no man may put much more for long life, and regular habits that shut a man out from that large liberty of choice and action necessary to self-development and great achievements are an expensive necessity. We hear a great deal about costly luxuries, and that some men are extravagant, but life is considered as doing no less than being. When one is rolled or hampered by self-imposed conditions of living, it is well to consider whether the life is no more than meat, and the spirit superior to red-tape fetters. A good share of the failures in life come from the attempt to feed without changing the posture lengthening the fetters. Men walk mechanically in a circle when they should move with wings like eagles. They realize the law of aspiration of Dr. Holmes, convict, and have "a great deal of their own."

For certain physical functions and habits of life, regularity is of prime importance; but the conditions of society and affairs are such that there must be considerable pliancy and adaptability in many of our modes and customs. Few busy lives, closely connected with others, can be so well ordered as to take so many meals, and such small meals each day--so many miles, in a set portion of the twenty-four hours. The truth does not beat the lure in the race, except in fables. There are spurts in all swift progression. Even nature is regularly irregular in a large way. She will do more now and then "grand spring opening" in the second week of May than for the three weeks previous to that time. Within the week when the opening lid becomes a lead, new sun and wind and rain, and the silent, unseen earth-force continues to "push things." Nature rests. She gets ready, and then moves--shows up, and comes down the home stretch like a thoroughbred. The sun has not yet been brought to shine by rain, even by the weather bureau. The rain does not come every day like a street-sprinkler. The wind continues to blow where it blows, though observed to and the telegraph wire enable us to know its course.

The regular man is to be too methodical. It never occurs to him that there are days when he may get up early, and others when he should lie late--time when he needs three hearty meals, and others when he should eat scantily--fast--occasions when he must work like a steam-engine, and times when he should cultivate and encourage a gentle repose.

PORTUNE FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

All the worn-out and mutilated legal tender notes come to the treasury for redemption. After new notes are issued in their stead, the old notes are destroyed by the process of maceration. This process includes the introduction of chemicals in the mass of notes, which, by the aid of steam are reduced to a pulp very much smaller in volume than the original notes. This pulp is of a gray-white color; it has heretofore been thrown away. An enterprising young man in this city has had an idea on this subject, however, and is working it out. He has taken the pulp, and is molding it into different shapes. When dried the pulp assumes a light consistent form. Dogs, cats, bells, and all animals and everything else almost are reproduced. Out of the destruction of \$1,000,000 in notes, he modeled a bulldog of heroic size; \$10,000 goes to take a mouse; \$50,000 into a paper weight, and so on through the list. He sells these "pieces of art" at 25 cents each. One out, for that amount, purchase at least what was once a million or more of dollars in the currency of the land.--*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH.

When the summer of youth is slowly wasting away on the nightfall of age, and the shadow of the path becomes deeper, and life wears to its close, it is pleasant to look through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of our early years. If we have had a home to shelter, and hearts to rejoice with us, and friends have gathered round our fireside, the rough places of wayfarer will have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, and many dark spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy, indeed, are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their higher feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and so touching in the evening of their lives.

The Universalist Church of Cincinnati has just received, as a bequest from the late William Johnson, of Newport, Ky., property valued at \$150,000, the income from which is \$1,200.

PROFITING A RUSSIAN.

One Forest Played "Mistaken" in a "Fighting Indian" of War.
Witold, in his own book, says: As we penetrated into "the howls of the land," we observed that unusual delay befell us at every post-house, and that, instead of the four horses stipulated, we were frequently encountered with six or more. We called on our factum Joseph, whose services we had secured to take us to France, for an explanation; and he alleged that, in spite of all his remonstrances, the Postmasters invariably declared that their horses were all gone, or that they were beset by some General or Prince, hourly expected.

"What does that mean?" we demanded indignantly.
"It means, my masters," said Joseph, in a tone, "that the Postmasters are unscrupulous knaves, and they employ the pretense to force us to take double the number I ask for."
This revelation led to a discussion between Forest and myself as to the best plan of action under the circumstances. The discussion on our part for extra horses was considerable, and added nothing to our speed. Finally we determined, rather than suffer loss of time and temper, we would submit to extortion, but would not allow Joseph to spend our pockets, if possible. Things went on as usual, till one night Joseph woke me up, saying he was in despair, as the regime of a Postmaster asserted he had no horses at all, which he knew was false. I roused Forest and stated the case.

"Tell the wamp," growled the tragedian, "that we will murder him if he dares to molest another minute."
"And not only him," I added, "but we will dispatch two or three of the vilest knaves in the country."

Presumably Joseph returned and said the fellow only laughed at our threats. I then proposed to Forest we should make a demonstration that might possibly be successful. I suggested that we should draw the long bow-knife he carried with him, and I should take a pistol in either hand, and then make a rush on our victim.

"Good," returned Forest, who related the stratagem; "and I will try my nerves with M-tomorrow's war-horse."
"Which I will supplement," I continued, "with domestic yells of the fiercest description."

"Jumping out of the carriage, we made a dash at the long-necked ruffian, who turned pale with terror, and fled screaming across a courtyard. We put chase, and I fired my pistol in the air as we ran. The varlet doubled his speed and disappeared from his sight. We returned chuckling to our mattress and awaited the result. In a little while Joseph came back in a great fright, for he thought it was all serious, and said he had found the Russian hidden under a pile of straw, who implored us to spare his life and we might take all his horses if we chose.

"Let us have four horses instantly," we both responded, "or he is a doomed man."
In ten minutes we were off, congratulating ourselves heartily over the success of our ruse. Joseph told history to all succeeding Postmasters, and the effect was magical.

WHAT STUNNED HIM.

While a party of surveyors were running a railroad line in Indiana the survey carried them across a cemetery. In the course of the survey a small stake was driven into a grave, and before it was removed and carried along, a lady, long-haired and dressed in black, peered off her seat, and danced around as she yelled out: "Show me the man who dared drive that stake in that grave!"

"We are going to remove it," quietly replied one of the party.
"I don't care if you are--show me the man!"

"Well, I'm the man, and what are you going to do about it?" said the big man of the lot, as he stepped out.
"Didn't you know that was my wife's grave?" asked the hoarse, with a considerable fall to his voice.

"No, sir."
"Well, it is, sir--my first grave."
"And what of that?"

"What of that? Why--why, sir, if I hadn't married a second one about a month ago, and kinder forgot my grief, I'd take that stake and pin you to the fence with it! It's lucky for you fellows--mighty lucky for you--that I don't feel half as bad as I did!"--*Free Press.*

SELECTED MISCELLANY.

There were more martyrs than virtue--*Orator.*
Give neither counsel nor salt until you are asked for it.

Advancing or retreating, we still go on by and by to go off.

There are enemies against which even innocence loses courage.

An ounce of conviction is worth a pound of courage.--*A. J. Gordon.*

A year of pleasure passes like a floating breeze, but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.

Life, as we call it, is nothing but the edge of the boundless ocean of existence.--*O. H. Holmes.*

A sin without its punishment is as impossible, as complete a contradiction in terms, as a cause without an effect.--*Troy.*

Success is full of promise till men get it; and then it is a last year's new from which the bird has flown.--*H. W. Beecher.*

He who is false to the present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the effect when the weaving of a lifetime is unraveled.

SELF-HELP.

Fight your own battles, asking favors of no one, and you will succeed far better than those who are ever turning, first this way and then that, for a little help. No one can ever help you as you can help yourself, for no one will leave the interest in your affairs that you, of course, feel. The man who pushes on through thick and thin with unflinching purpose and indomitable courage, in nine cases out of ten, makes a name and place for himself which people honor and admire. The old motto, "There is no such word as fail," should be impressed upon the young. Life's ways are rugged and full of thorns, and it is only the brave in heart who can hope to battle a way to fame and fortune. He who waits for others to push him will find himself passed on the road by those who push themselves. People who have been bolstered up all their lives are like reeds in an emergency. No one can lean upon them, and if they cannot find a prop for themselves down they go, and cannot help themselves up again, but must wait for some friendly hand to raise them. These "bolstered" people never accomplish anything in the world. They are not trusted because they do not trust themselves. It is of little consequence to the world if they sink or swim, and even a man's best friends grow tired of helping him over obstacles he ought to surmount alone. The man who learns to conquer circumstances is independent of fortune, and will receive more smiles than frowns from the deities below.

The ambitious and industrious man has little patience with, or regard for, the man content to remain at the bottom of the ladder all his life. The man who keeps his wagon wheel in the rut all the way to town simply because it is so much trouble to get it out, is apt to accomplish as little good to mankind as the one who expects to be "hoisted" along through life. Both belong to the same family, and merit pity more than respect.

A BALLOON was recently sent up from Lilly, Pa., containing two occupants, who had several very narrow escapes before they again alighted on terra firma. A heavy wind was blowing at the time, and on the balloon reaching an altitude of 1,000 feet, the cold air condensed the gas and caused the balloon to descend with fearful rapidity. Carried along by the wind, it struck violently against a tree, throwing out one of the occupants, who only saved his life by clinging to the top of the balloon and swinging himself into the air again. The anchor was thrown out, but the speed at which the ball was traveling broke it off as soon as it caught in a tree. The balloon then started off at a furious pace, impelled by the gale, and in crossing a railway, narrowly escaped being cut in two by the telegraph wires.

At last, after a complete distance of four and a half miles in two minutes, the stump of the anchor caught in the branches of a tree, the balloon came to a sudden stop and burst, the two occupants were thrown down with the car, which fortunately lodged in a tree. Some persons soon arrived and extricated the unfortunate travelers, who were not injured by their dangerous voyage.

A SPEED of seventy-three miles per hour was attained some years since by the locomotives of the London and Northwestern railroad, of England, and since that time a far greater rate of speed has been attained by the locomotives of the celebrated Pullman, Wild Irishman, between Holyhead and London. A speed of sixty-four miles has been reached by the engines of the London and Southampton railroad, the engine drawing at the time a weight of over seventy tons.

The total value of live animals, dead meat, breadstuffs, dairy products and eggs imported into England during the first four months of the present year amounted to £2,135,698. For the corresponding period of last year the total value was only £2,683,356.

A FEROCELY bloodthirsty rhinoceros at Wheeling, Va., and attacked a very old woman. She made all the defense she could, but he threw her down, bit her with savage fury, and finally killed her. Her son, unaided by the night, chopped the brute to pieces.

EVERYTHING in nature indulges in amusement. The lightning plays, the wind whistles, the thunder rols, the snow flies, the waves leap and the fields smile. Even the trees shoot, and the rivers run.

JOSE BILLINGS says: "I never regret a success. When I see a rattle snake's head sticking out of a hole, I look off to the left and say to myself that hole belongs to that snake."

A CHICAGO widow has a fine house of brown stone and brick, and he wants to know, before choosing a second wife, whether a blonde or a brunette would best harmonize with the colors of the structure.

"Doctor," said a despondent patient to his physician, "I am in a deplorable condition. I can neither lay nor eat. What shall I do?" "I think you had better rest," was the reply.

"If I should meet the dastardly rebel that shot me," said a Boston war veteran, "I would shoot him down, or, if he would, I'd have him swallow half a bottle of wine."

A MAN's paper remarks of a contemporary, that "it has got to be a tri-weekly. It comes out one week, and tries to come out the next."

"I HAVE had a surfeit of mock turtle since I have been married, therefore on the soup yourself, my dear," said a young married man to his wife.

The Queen of Sweden is suffering so severely from a long-continued disease of the heart that only the slightest hopes of her final recovery are entertained.

MR. HAZARDON was for the first time under "advised eyes" in connection with pressing engagements, an excuse for not attending a meeting.

There are now 97,000 miles of autographic telegraph cable in working order.

A BUNKER will not bite a calf made of hemlock lumber, nor will rats, mice or other vermin gnaw through it. Always an exchange.

There are now 97,000 miles of autographic telegraph cable in working order.

BORROWED BOOKS.

The most independent man who would think to borrow a pin's worth of ordinary matter--will not scruple to ask the loan of a book. You lend it to him with well-demeaned misgivings. From that time until the date of its return time enough elapses to suffice for the refreshing of all the defective memories that have existed in recollection. The means by which the borrower will avoid returning that book, for which he has no more having once read it, are innumerable. First, he thinks he will make its return an excuse for a friendly call; then he puts off the call evening by evening for other and more exhilarating social pleasures, but insists that the book must not be put into the back-room or it might be forgotten. Some evening at bed-time he remembers it, and rushes to his wife to remind him of that book he has next day; he thoughtfully draws an excuse, and gets a book for her peruse. Finally, some body person takes it into the family book-case, and it is forgotten. A quarter of a century later, when the owner has reached that land where the only books are volumes of record, and the borrower has found his home in the place where a book is useless unless printed on mica sheets, some descendant of the former will find the longest volume on a cheap book-shelf, and wonder how in creation it got there. Yet the explanation is easy enough.

A poetical writer has said that some men were through life as a band of musk moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side, and that the strength and sweetness as the orchards in October days fill the air with ripe fruit. Some women cling to their own houses like the honey-suckle over the door, yet, like it, fill all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness. How great a blessing and a blessing it is to hold the royal gifts of the soul that they shall be made to all. It would be no worthy thing to live, to make the power which we have within us the breath of other men's joy; to fill the atmosphere which they must stand in with a brightness which they cannot create for themselves.

The plentiful use of lemons at this season of the year is wholesome and healthful. Lemon juice is the best antiseptic remedy known, and is valuable in fevers, inflammation, liver complaint, children's complaints, etc. fly rubbing the gums with lemon juice they are kept healthy, the nails and hands are also kept clean, soft and supple by the use of lemon. Neutrogen is said to be cured by rubbing the affected part with lemon, and it is an excellent thing for use on the hair. It is now customary to put a slice of lemon in the glass of lead tea, which renders the customary drink much more palatable.

"WILLIAM, do you know why you are like a donkey?" "Like a donkey?" echoed William, opening his eyes wide; "no, I don't." "Do you give it up?" "I do." "Because your better half is stubbornness itself." "That's not bad, ha! ha! I'll give that to my wife when I get home." "My dear," he asked as he sat down to supper, "do you know why I am like a donkey?" "He wanted a moment, expecting his wife to forget it. But she didn't. She looked at him some while and then she said: 'I suppose because you are a donkey.'"

RECTOR'S wife: "How do you do, Mr. Wiggins? We have not seen you at church lately. Have you been away?" Mr. Wiggins: "Yes, ma'am; I've been assisting my old folks at Hockenshaw, mum." Rector's wife: "Really? I hope you found the old ladies quite well." Mr. Wiggins: "I didn't say my folks, mum; I said my old folks--revisiting the 'mums' of my youth, you know, mum."

MARKETS.

The retail prices for provisions, as are as follows:

Butter, 1 lb. 12c; Bacon, 1 lb. 12c; Eggs, 1 doz. 12c; Flour, 100 lb. 12c; Coffee, 1 lb. 12c; Tea, 1 lb. 12c; Sugar, 1 lb. 12c; Rice, 1 lb. 12c; Beans, 1 lb. 12c; Peas, 1 lb. 12c; Lentils, 1 lb. 12c; Corn, 1 lb. 12c; Oats, 1 lb. 12c; Hay, 1 lb. 12c; Straw, 1 lb. 12c; Wood, 1 lb. 12c; Coal, 1 lb. 12c; Oil, 1 lb. 12c; Soap, 1 lb. 12c; Candles, 1 lb. 12c; Paper, 1 lb. 12c; Ink, 1 lb. 12c; Pen, 1 lb. 12c; Ruler, 1 lb. 12c; Compass, 1 lb. 12c; Square, 1 lb. 12c; Gage, 1 lb. 12c; Level, 1 lb. 12c; Plumb, 1 lb. 12c; Spirit, 1 lb. 12c; Varnish, 1 lb. 12c; Paint, 1 lb. 12c; Putty, 1 lb. 12c; Glue, 1 lb. 12c; Wax, 1 lb. 12c; Resin, 1 lb. 12c; Turpentine, 1 lb. 12c; Rosin, 1 lb. 12c; Sassafras, 1 lb. 12c; Clove, 1 lb. 12c; Nutmeg, 1 lb. 12c; Mace, 1 lb. 12c; Cardamom, 1 lb. 12c; Allspice, 1 lb. 12c; Vanilla, 1 lb. 12c; Saffron, 1 lb. 12c; Mustard, 1 lb. 12c; Pepper, 1 lb. 12c; Ginger, 1 lb. 12c; Licorice, 1 lb. 12c; Gum, 1 lb. 12c; Resin, 1 lb. 12c; Turpentine, 1 lb. 12c; Rosin, 1 lb. 12c; Sassafras, 1 lb. 12c; 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